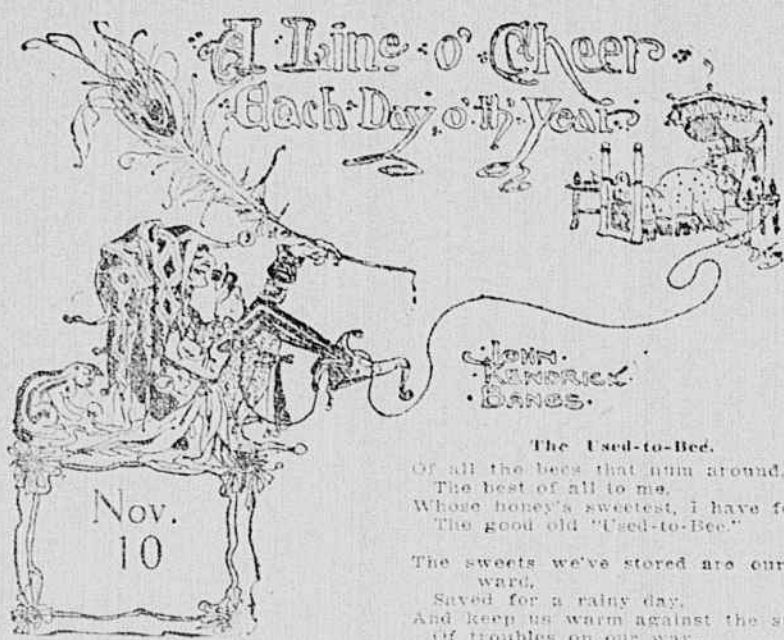


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



MAY IRWIN'S FAVORITE RECIPES

Creamed Kidneys.
For creamed kidneys, use six veal kidneys, half a pint of milk, one cup of cream, one tablespoon of flour, one teaspoon of very finely chopped parsley and a little paprika, a dash of red pepper and salt to taste. Soak the kidneys in salt and water for two hours; then rinse them and parboil for twenty minutes. Chop them reasonably fine and add the milk. Let it come to a boil; cream a tablespoon of butter with the flour and add to the kidneys; then put in the cream and, last of all, the cream, which should not be put in till just ready to serve.

Sally Lunns.
For Sally Lunns—I call them Sarah's Sally Lunns, because my cook, who is from Virginia, makes the best I ever ate, and in the stomachs of myself and friends they are, by right of superior craft, known as "Sarah's Sally Lunns." For these we use one quart of flour, four eggs, one pint of milk, two tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of salt and two teaspoons of baking powder. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together with one tablespoon of sugar. Beat the eggs until lemon colored. Add the milk to the flour, then the eggs. Beat the butter and add to the mixture. Stir well and bake in a biscuit-pan twenty-five minutes.

Chicken Hash.
Chicken hash is one of the most delicious of breakfast dishes if correctly prepared. If not, it is as palatable as sawdust or the dry toast so often recommended by diet doctors. For chicken hash the chicken should be cut up and put into cold water and cooked slowly until the meat falls away from the bone, using very little water. Take the meat from the bones, chop it in a fine chopping tray—not a food chopper. Add green peppers chopped fine, and red, sweet, white, and black pepper, also chopped fine; one small onion, so small you hardly know it's there—cold boiled potatoes, also chopped in a food chopper; paprika and a dash of nutmeg, black pepper (white pepper seems to me an utterly useless condiment) and salt to taste. Put the meat from the chicken into an old-fashioned frying pan, drop the bits of chicken into the liquor. As soon as the mixture boils up add one cup of thick cream, a little butter and flour, stirring the chicken slightly.

Corn-Pone.
For Southern corn-pone, take two cups of yellow corn meal, one cup of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, two cups of milk, one teaspoon of salt, and one tablespoon of butter, two eggs, and beat the same as for griddle cakes—that is, beat the eggs and add the milk. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together, add to the milk and eggs and beat well. Bake in a moderate oven.

HEADACHE ADVICE

Headaches are sometimes unavoidable. Doctors admit that. In fact, some doctors suffer from recurring headaches that are chronic. But headaches are sometimes avoidable, and then they are simply an evidence of the stupidity or lack of self-control of the person afflicted with them. Of course, every remedy is necessary, and some times, things on headache that might be avoided, but that cannot be called the result of stupidity or lack of control.

Have you ever heard a woman say at a card party as she nibbled candy incessantly, "I know this will give me a headache tomorrow, but I just can't help eating it, it's so good." And cause many headaches, and the over-indulgence in sweets between meals is one of the most usual errors in diet. Headaches from candy are not surely to be classed among the stupid sort.

The midday Sunday dinner has been the cause of many headaches. Persons used to lurching lightly in the middle of the day and dining heartily in the evening change their habit on Sunday and dine heavily in the middle of the day. Sunday afternoon, the beginning of a headache, which can be directly traced to the unusual heavy midday meal. Some times the headache will be delayed until Monday, and then, perhaps, it can be traced to the light supper on Sunday evening, for lack of food at an accustomed time is as upsetting as too much food at an unusual time.

Many winter headaches are caused by lack of fresh air. Any one who is troubled with headaches should be sure to sleep in a well-ventilated room, and should see to it that the living-room or sitting-room or drawing-room is well ventilated. There is no need of a draught in a well-ventilated room. The windows can be fitted with boards at the centre in living-rooms so that a little current of air will change constantly in a room with wide-open windows.

It would seem to an observer that women's clothes at the present time were not open to criticism that has been on them in times past. When high, lined, stiffened collars, tight about the throat, were fashionable, they caused much headache. Tightlaced waists were also the contributing cause of some headaches. Heavy, big velvet hats, plumed hats, too, caused many headaches. Perhaps in some cases French heels may be held responsible for headaches, but not of the attributes of women's clothes to-day are not those that cause headaches. The hats are comfortable and not too heavy. Clothes are loose to the point of largeness. Neckties are left comfortably unbuttoned. So the present styles deserve some commendation.

A Hint From Paris.



Showing two new styles of footwear.

The new short coat suit.



The new jackets are made without revers. The coat suit illustrated is made of duvetyne, in a shade of deep blue. The coat is very short, and there is an embroidered belt. The muffs and hat are made of black velvet, trimmed with black fur, which also fashions the collar of the coat.

SANDWICHES FOR AUTUMN TEA

There have been teas and receptions without sandwiches, but not many Sandwiches constitute one of the most reliable standbys of the hostess, and she is glad of new combinations in the way of fillings. Here are a few suggestions:

Eggs, hard boiled and minced fine with a silver knife, mixed with chopped stuffed olives and mayonnaise, and spread between thin slices of white bread and butter. Hard boiled eggs, minced when not and mixed with butter, spread between thin slices of whole wheat bread.

Boiled halibut shredded fine, mixed with mayonnaise and a few chopped capers, spread between white bread and butter. Sardines pounded to a paste, mixed with lemon juice, and spread on brown bread, topped with a crisp piece of lettuce and another slice of brown bread, buttered.

Cream cheese, moistened with sweet cream until it is of the consistency of a paste, spread on white bread and buttered, then spread with a teaspoonful of currant jelly and a few drops of maple-sugar, topped with another slice of bread and butter.

Watercress, chilled on the ice, each sprig dipped in mayonnaise, spread between white or brown bread and butter.

Household Notes

If you are arranging short-stemmed flowers, throw into the water a number of ordinary bottle corks. These will buoy up the flowers, keeping them in position.

To clean brass that has been exposed to the weather, make a paste of salt and common vinegar; rub the surface with the mixture and leave for ten minutes. Then clean in the usual way.

Even when there is cream in the coffee, the stains can be removed from the most delicate silk or woolen fabric by brushing the spots with pure glycerine and rinsing in lukewarm water.

Never close up a finger with plaster. It involves the possibility of pus and long inflammation. Wash the cut with warm water, and turpentine should be applied. Then bandage with linen cloth.

Scissors are indispensable in the preparation of vegetables. You can trim the brown edges of lettuce or cut up vegetables for salad, and for mincing parsley they are more satisfactory than a knife.

When preserving, sprinkle some ashes on the stove lid beneath the kettle of boiling fruit. This prevents spilling over the stove to stir the fruit. It will not burn or stick if this method is followed.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.



Dirk lives in Delft, in Holland,
He stands up very straight
Many little boys would bend
Under such a weight.
If we had to wear his shoes
We'd make a dreadful fuss,
But Dirk thinks they're very
nice.
And wouldn't change with us!

Elizabeth Kirkman

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Hurry back to New York by motor, after having identified a body lying in a roadhouse as that of her husband, Mrs. Wrangle ever takes a woman whose appearance answers the description given of one who was expected to be the husband of the man the preceding night, but, moved by a strange impulse, she helps the fleeing woman by taking her to her own rooms.

"You may sleep late. I have many things to do and you will not be disturbed. Come, take off your clothes and get into my bed. To-morrow we will plan further."

"But, madam," cried the girl, "I cannot take your bed. Where are you to go?"

"If I feel like lying down, I shall lie there beside you."

The girl stared. "Lie beside me?"

"Yes. Oh, I am not afraid of you. You are just a poor, thin, white-faced creature."

"Oh, please don't! Please!" cried the other, tears rushing to her eyes. She raised Mrs. Wrangle's hand to her lips and covered it with kisses.

Long after she went to sleep, Sara Wrangle stood beside the bed, looking down at the white, thin, white-faced creature, and tried to solve the problem that suddenly had become a part of her very existence.

"It is not friendship," she argued fiercely. "It is not charity. It is not humanity. It's the devil I owe, that's all. She did the thing for me that I could not have done myself because I loved him. I owe her something for that."

Later on she turned her attention to the trunk. Her decision was made. With ruthless hands she dragged down after gown from the "innovations" and cast them over chair, on the floor, the foot of the bed—smart things from Paris and Vienna, ball gowns, street gowns, tea gowns, lingerie, blouses, hats, gloves and all of the countless things that a woman of fashion and means indulges herself in when she goes abroad for the season.

Then she stood back and surveyed the two heaps with tired eyes, a curious, almost scornful smile on her lips. "There!" she said with a sigh. "The black pile is mine, the gray pile is yours." She went on, turning toward the sleeping girl. "What a travesty!"

Then she gathered up the soiled garments her charge had worn and cast them into the bottom of a trunk, which she locked. Laying out a carefully selected assortment of her own garments for the girl's use when she arose, Mrs. Wrangle sat down beside the bed and waited, knowing that sleep would come to her.

CHAPTER III.
Betty Castleton.

At half past six she went to the telephone and called for the morning newspapers. At the same time she asked that a couple of district messenger boys be sent to her room with the latest possible delay. The hushed, scarcely audible voice of the telephone downstairs convinced her that news of the tragedy was abroad; she could imagine the girl looking at the headlines with awed eyes even as she responded to the call from room 15, and her shudder as she realized that it was the wife of the dead man speaking.

One of the night clerks, pale and agitated, came up with the papers. He inquired if there was anything she could do. He tried to tell her that it was a dreadful, shocking thing, but the words stuck in his throat. She stood before him, holding the door open; the light in the hall fell upon her white, haggard face. He began to tremble all over as if with the ague.

"Will you be good enough to come in?" she inquired, quite steadily. "The newspapers—have they printed the details?"

He entered and she closed the door. "Just the last news that it was Mr. Wrangle," he replied jerkily. "Later on they'll have—"

She interrupted him. "Let me have them, please. I don't so much as a glance at the headlines, she tossed the papers on the table. "I have sent for two messenger boys. It is too early to accomplish much by telephone. I fear. Will you be kind as to telephone at 7 o'clock or a little after to my apartment?—You will find the number under Mr. Wrangle's name. Please inform the porter of his wife that they may expect me by 7 o'clock, and that I shall bring a friend with me—a young lady. Kindly have my motor sent to Haffner's garage, and looked after. When the reporters come, as they will, please say to them that I will see them at my own home at 11 o'clock."

"What! 11 o'clock! I should say, don't you want us to send word to your friends, Mrs. Wrangle—the family, I mean? No trouble to do it, and—"

"Thank you, no. The messengers will attend to all that is necessary. When my lawyer arrives, please send him here to me, Mr. Carroll. Thank you."

The clerk, considerably relieved, took his departure in some haste, and she was left with the morning papers, each of which she scanned rapidly. The details, of course, were meagre. There was a doubleheaded account of her visit to the inn and her extraordinary return to the city. Her chief interest, however, was in the details of the authorities as to the identity of the mysterious woman—and her whereabouts. There was the likelihood that she was not the only one who had encountered the girl on the highway or in the neighborhood of the inn. So far as she could glean from the reports, however, no one had seen her, nor was there the slightest limit offered as to her identity. The papers of the previous afternoon had published lurid accounts of the murder, with all of the known details, the name of the victim at that time still being a mystery. She remembered reading the story with no little interest. The only new feature in the case, therefore, was the identification of Chellis Wrangle by his "beautiful

wife" and the sensational manner in which it had been brought about. With considerable interest she noted the hour that these despatches had been received from "special correspondents," and wondered where the shrewd, lynx-eyed reporters napped while she was at the inn. All of the despatches were timed 3 o'clock and each paper characterized its latest as an "Extra," with Chellis Wrangle's name in huge type across as many columns as the dignity of the sheet permitted.

Not one word of the girl! Absolute mystery!

Mrs. Wrangle returned to her post beside the bed of the sleeper in the adjoining room. Deliberately she placed the newspapers on a chair near the girl's pillow, and then raised the window curtains to let in the hard gray light of early morn.

It was not her present intention to arouse the wan stranger, who slept as one dead. So gently was her breathing that the watcher stared in some fear at the fair, smooth-skinned girl, who seemed scarcely to rise and fall with a long time she stood beside the bed, looking down at the face of the sleeper, it troubled expression in her eyes.

"I wonder how many times you were seen with him, and where, by whom," were the questions that ran in a single strain through her mind. "Where do you come from? Where did you meet him? Was he there that knows of your acquaintance with him?"

There was no kindly light in her eyes, nor was there the faintest sign of anxiety. Merely the look of one who calculates in the interest of a well-shaped purpose. She was estimating the difficulties that were likely to attend the carrying out of a design so yet half-formed and quixotic. There were many things to be considered. At present she was working in utter darkness. What would the light bring?

Her lower came in great haste and perturbation at 8 o'clock, in response to the letter delivered by one of the messengers. A second letter had come by the same messenger, and she broke the news to her father and mother and to come to her apartment after her late attendance to the removal of the body to the family home near Washington Square. She made it quite plain that she did not quit Wrangle's body to lie under the roof that sheltered her.

His family had resented their marriage. Father, mother and sister had objected to her from the beginning, but because her transgression was not so remote as his. She found a curious sense of pleasure in returning to them the thing they prized so highly and surrounded her with such bitterness of heart. She had not been good enough for him—that was their attitude. Now she was returning him to them as one would return an article that had been tested and found to be worthless. She would have no more of him!

Leslie, the three years younger than Chellis, did not hold to the view of the act, retaining members of the family in opposing her as an addition to the rather close corporation known for all time as the Wrangles. He had stood out for her, a rather mild but none-the-less steadfast manner, blandly informing his mother on more than one occasion that Sara was quite too good for Chellis, in any way you looked at it—an attitude which provoked sundry caustic references to his own lamentable shortcomings in the matter of family pride and—intemperance.

He and Sara had been good friends from a fashion. He was a bit of a snob but not much of a prig. She had taken a fancy to him, and he, in turn, had taken a fancy to her. He was a rather mild but none-the-less steadfast manner, blandly informing his mother on more than one occasion that Sara was quite too good for Chellis, in any way you looked at it—an attitude which provoked sundry caustic references to his own lamentable shortcomings in the matter of family pride and—intemperance.

He had not been deeply attached to his brother. Their ways were wide apart. All his life he had known Chellis for what he was; his heart was not his hand was against him. From the first, he had regarded Sara's marriage as a bad bargain for her, and toward the end he had begun to wonder if it was not a bad bargain for him. Not once but many times had he taken it upon himself to inform her that she was a fool to put up with all the heart-breaking things Chellis was doing. He characterized as the most unattractive woman he had ever known, and she was prone to call love when they met to discuss the escapades of the careless Chellis, for she always went to him with her troubles. In direct opposition to his counselling, she invariably forgave the erring lover who was her husband. Once Leslie had said to her, in considerable heat: "You act as if you were a mistress, and I am your wife. Mistresses have to forgive their wives don't. And she had replied: "Yes, but I'd much rather have him; a love affair is a hell of a lot more interesting than a marriage."

Carroll, her lawyer, an elderly man of vast experience, was not surprised to find her quite calm and reasonable. He had come to know her very well in the past few years. He had been her father's lawyer up to the time of that excellent tradesman's demise, and he had settled her estate with such unusual despatch that the heirs—there were many of them—regarded him as an admirable person and—kept him busy ever after, in one way or another, with their own affairs. Which goes to prove that policy is often better than honesty.

"I quite understand, my dear, that while it is a dreadful shock to you, you are perfectly reconciled to the result—the well, I might say the culmination of his troubles," said Mr. Carroll tactfully, after he had related for his benefit the story of the murder, with reservation concerning the girl who slumbered in the room beyond.

"Hardly that, Mr. Carroll. Resigned, perhaps. I can't say that I am reconciled. All my life I shall feel that I have been cheated," she said.

He looked up sharply. "Something in her tone puzzled him. 'Cheated, my dear? Oh, I see. Cheated out of years and years of happiness. I see.'"

She bowed her head. "Neither spoke for a full minute."

"It's a horrible thing to say, Sara, but this tragedy does away with another and perhaps more unpleasant alternative—the divorce I have been urging you to consider for so long."

(To Be Continued.)

Five Dollars' Worth of Convenience

ANY of us would not hesitate to spend five dollars for some sort of frivolity—it might be an unneeded hat or it might be a new book, according to our personal tastes. Why not spend five dollars for some of the new and interesting kitchen conveniences? Five dollars spent in this way would surely bring comfort and pleasure to the cook for days, even years, to come.

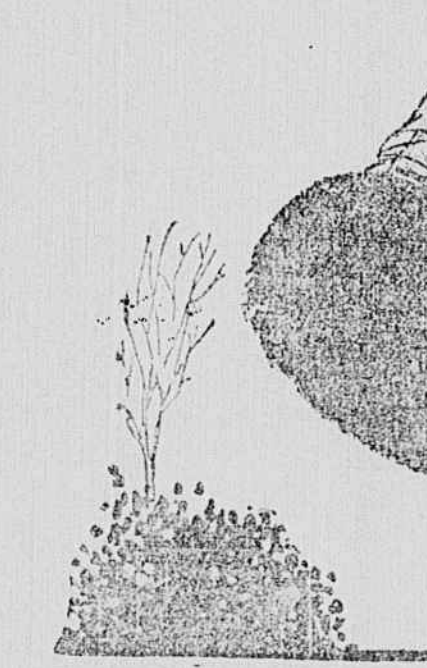
Here is a suggestive list of kitchen conveniences which can be bought for five dollars:

A List.
Casserole, unglazed, big enough for chops, pot roast, a jointed fowl or a stew of any kind, fifty-nine cents.
Wire rack to put under the broiler in the oven to keep them from burning on the bottom, nine cents.
Potato baker—a strip of tin with six spikes to hold potatoes that can be easily handled without burning fingers, nine cents.
Small double boiler, tin bottom part, granite top part, just right for making custards and sauces of all sorts, fifty-nine cents.

Quart milk can, covered, in which milk, soup, custard, lemonade or other liquid can be cleanly kept in small space, thirty-seven cents.

Vegetable strainer, to put in sink, in which spinach, potatoes, squash, and

Sometimes the combination of materials gives a charming effect. Here is a good example of a silk and cloth used together.



A REMINDER

Of the prizes of \$10, \$5, \$3 and \$1, which will be awarded in the order of their merit for the best suggestions offered.

TO CLEAN EMBROIDERIES.

Be as particular as you will in taking care of embroidered articles, and remember that they will become soiled. Every housekeeper should know how to clean these articles so that she may not resort to the professional cleaner when they become soiled.

Place a half-pint of water in a bowl and add the same amount of cold water. Stir it slowly for twenty minutes. Then strain through a fine cloth. Add a pint of boiling water and use this mixture to wash the embroidery and pieces for the first time. Squeeze them gently with the hands, and if they are much soiled, soap them and add to the mixture. This is made by dissolving pure soap in boiling water.

If the embroidery is done with red, orange, and salt to the rinsing water. This should be clean and moderately hot. This will set the colors of silks in cotton so that they will not run. It is a wise precaution to immerse colored embroideries in salt water before washing in the bran water.

Embroidered articles should be dried quickly and ironed on the wrong side.

For Cleaning White Kid.

The following is a formula for cleaning white kid gloves, white kid shoes and satin shoes, to be rubbed on with cloth. Two ounces alcohol, two ounces chloroform, two ounces ether, two ounces oil of wintergreen, two pounds of deodorized benzine. One-fourth of formula makes one quart.

MENU

Breakfast.
Frosted Corns. Rich Omelette. Kidney Steak. Corn Muffins.
Luncheon.
Shirred Eggs on Toast. Fried Potato Balls. Bread.
Dinner.
Tomato Bisque. Pot Roast in Beef. Browned Potatoes. Cream. Creamed Ham. Onion. Salt and Celery Salad. Gravy. Gravy with Cream.
Supper.
Corn. Macaroni.
Tomato Bisque.
Put two quarts of water in a quart of butter and three tablespoons of flour and mix. Add a dash of onion and a dash of salt. Add a dash of pepper and a dash of sugar. Add a dash of vinegar and a dash of lemon juice. Add a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Add a dash of Tabasco sauce. Add a dash of cayenne pepper. Add a dash of black pepper. Add a dash of white pepper. Add a dash of nutmeg. Add a dash of mace. Add a dash of cloves. Add a dash of allspice. Add a dash of cinnamon. Add a dash of ginger. Add a dash of cardamom. Add a dash of anise. Add a dash of fennel. Add a dash of dill. Add a dash of parsley. Add a dash of basil. Add a dash of thyme. Add a dash of rosemary. Add a dash of sage. Add a dash of oregano. Add a dash of marjoram. Add a dash of tarragon. Add a dash of chervil. Add a dash of chives. Add a dash of onion. Add a dash of garlic. Add a dash of shallots. Add a dash of leeks. Add a dash of celery. Add a dash of fennel. Add a dash of dill. Add a dash of parsley. 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